

## True Northerner.

PAW PAW, MICHIGAN, OCT. 3, 1879.

### "OUR SOUTHERN LAMBS."

Rebellion, reasonable plottings, turbulence and scenes of blood and devilry like the Chisholm massacre and the Dixon assassination, and countless others, during the past dozen years all over the South, have become indigestible to Southern daily life. Like the brutal oligarchs of the Middle Ages, whose institutions our late slave-owners have largely adopted, inflicting with them the sanguinary and cruel instincts of the times from which they were derived, and like those old barons, as ignorant as sanguinary, who were ever in revolt against their King, or engaged in furious raids against their neighbors, murdering, burning, plundering, the recent slave-owners exercise power through scenes of violence and devilry which seems to form the highest gratification of their natures. Upon obtaining possession of the two houses of Congress, they naturally transferred the turbulence which rules in the Southern States and attempted to coerce the President by revolutionary expedients into an approval of their violent plans under a threat of starving the Government. In all their proceedings during the last two sessions the Democracy have substituted the caucus for the constitution and laws. The Confederates, by their preponderance, ruled in caucus and dictated and shaped all measures—all looking to the consummation of their usurpation by the seizure of the Presidency in 1880, by fraud and violence through the repeal and abrogation of the election laws.

### "AN UNTRAMMELED BALLOT."

In the South—the States lately comprising the Southern Confederacy, recently in arms for the destruction and subversion of the constitution and laws, and the presence of whose leaders in the National Congress to-day, is wholly due to the suppression of the Republican vote in all the Southern States by violence, by murder, by blood, by massacre and intimidation, by the Ku-Klux, White League and other armed gangs—the cry is raised, "An untrammelled ballot!" "Fair elections." "No troops at the polls."

This cry is raised to cover their own guilt, as well as for a justification of their late threat to starve the government in revenge for its protection of the election laws against revolutionary attempts to strike them from the statute books, and thus destroy the only protection and guarantee the citizen has of a free and untrammelled vote at the polls. The dishonesty of this cry, its hypocrisy and transparent purpose is seen in the fact that the government has no troops at its command at all adequate for that purpose. In all the South there are but one thousand one hundred and sixty-six soldiers with which to intimidate a population of fifteen million souls. The troops are distributed as follows: In Alabama, thirty-two soldiers in arsenal; in Arkansas, fifty-seven; in Delaware, none; in Florida, one hundred and eighty-two, at three separate places—barracks, and navy yard; in Georgia, twenty-nine; in Kentucky, none; in Louisiana, two hundred and thirty-nine; in Maryland, one hundred and ninety-two; at Fort Mifflin; in Mississippi, none; in Missouri, none; in North Carolina, thirty at Fort; at the mouth of Cape Fear River; in South Carolina, one hundred and twenty-three, guarding Charleston harbor; in Tennessee, none; in Texas, not one outside of the frontier guard; in Virginia, two hundred and eighty-two, at school of practice at Fortress Monroe; and in West Virginia, not one.

In the South there are one thousand two hundred and three counties. Therefore it appears that there is less than one soldier to a county—and but one soldier to every seven hundred square miles of its territory; truly a formidable force to intimidate the rifle, and other armed gangs which infest nearly all the late Confederate and rebellious States.

In the New England States, from which we hear no complaints on account of election laws, there are one hundred and twenty-three United States soldiers to every one million of its inhabitants—in the South only seventy. Therefore it is not fear of the troops which influences the Democracy to raise their cry against the election laws, but a desire for the removal of the United States Supervisors of election from the polls on election day, and thereby open out to them in the large cities of the North a clear field for frauds, wholesale illegal voting and ballot box stuffing, by which they hope and propose to carry the next Presidential election.

The Chicago Times announces that Capt. Eads has gone to Europe to discover something to ask the United States an appropriation for when he gets back.

Secretary Evarts remarks, with unusual bravery: "The south went into the war and lost everything but honor. It went into congress and lost everything it had saved from the war."

We know a good many men who are anxiously advocating the payment of the national debt but forget all about those contracted by themselves.—Elmira Gazette.

The politician who is "in the hands of his friends," gets out of their hands mightily quick if informed that he hadn't better run for office. No man is a friend to him who can't see his high and many qualifications.—M. Quad.

So great has been the changes since the establishment of the Republic in France that many young ladies of high family and brilliant prospects are studying in convents to qualify themselves for governesses.

Mrs. E. M. Pike is said to be the first woman who ever started a daily paper in England. She is the publisher and proprietor of the Daily Telegraph. It is said to be an excellent paper, and the first daily ever published in Darby.

### MURDER OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY MORRIS.

On Sunday evening last at about half past nine o'clock, Henry Morris and his wife were brutally murdered at their home on section thirty-five in Decatur township.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been away from home during a part of Sunday afternoon. They called at the house of Peter Moon and also F. Kern's in Porter township, returning to their own home at seven o'clock in the evening. The family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Morris and their hired girl, retired at half past eight o'clock. It would appear that some time between nine and ten o'clock, the murderer called Mr. Morris to a door opening upon an open stoop. Here he shot Mr. Morris, the ball passing entirely through his body and lodging in the building. This ball passed through the vital parts near or through the heart. A second shot was then fired apparently after he was down, and so close to his face that powder was blown into the right cheek. This ball entered his neck upon the right side and passed through his body in a diagonal direction, lodging next to the skin just above the left hip.

The murderer then passed into the house and through to a second room, where it is evident he encountered Mrs. Morris, upon whom he fired his third shot. This one appears to have passed through her body and into the wall beyond, from which it rebounded as a spent shot. She then appears to have retreated through the bed-room and into the closet beyond. While thus retreating a fourth shot was fired which appears to have passed through the fleshy part of the left arm and on into a drawer of the bureau or dressing-case, carrying away the lock and tearing a hole in the further side of the drawer. After reaching the further end of the closet she probably sank to the floor. While prostrate a fifth shot was fired, which passed entirely through her body, lodging in the floor beneath. A sixth shot was then fired into her breast at such short range that her night-dress took fire and burned a large hole and went out. This also passed through her body and the floor as well.

Having thoroughly accomplished his job, nothing remained but to beat a retreat. In the retreat, discovering Mr. Morris's pantaloons he carried them along with him to the barn and threw them on a manure heap. He took the best and fastest horse and rode away. He was met on the county line road, half a mile west of Morris's, by a young man named Rosewarren who was returning from a concert, at about a quarter to ten o'clock. When Mr. B. saw the horse approaching he recognized it as Morris's, but when he observed the rider he thought he might be mistaken, and dismissed the matter from his mind for that evening. Early Monday morning the horse was found upon the common at South Bend, thirty-five miles from the scene of Sunday evening's violence, and was recognized and word sent back some time before the telegraph had informed the people of that city of the murder of the preceding evening.

The murder was not discovered until near six o'clock on Monday morning. The hired girl, who slept in the upper part of the house and had heard nothing of the matter, discovered the dead body of Morris on the porch. In her alarm she started for some of the neighbors to the south, screaming murder every few steps. The hired man, who lives half or three-quarters of a mile away, went to the barn to feed the horses. Finding the door open and the best horse gone, went to the house for information, and finding the dead body of Morris on the stoop, took fright and started in the direction of Mr. Rosewarren's, nearly three-quarters of a mile to the south-east, crying murder at almost every step.

The neighbors being aroused, soon flocked to the scene of the crime, where they found, to their great dismay, Mrs. Morris also murdered.

Such great crimes, as the one under consideration, have strong motives moving their perpetration. In this case, plunder and booty could not have entered into any part of the moving cause, for nothing appeared to have been disturbed in the house. More than one hundred dollars, two valuable gold watches and a lady's massive solid gold chain lay in the unfurnished drawer of the dressing-bureau, which would not have consumed one minute's time to secure.

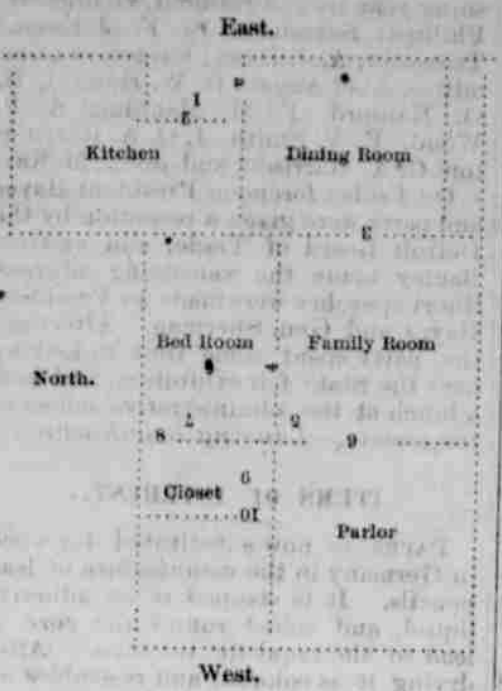
We heard the theory advanced that it was probably the work of a dismissed hired man, who left Morris's employ, swearing vengeance. On enquiry we found this to be too flimsy for serious consideration. A second theory, apparently emanating from the same source as the other, is to the effect that the deed was the work of a rejected lover of Mrs. Morris. This, like the other, appears to be too flimsy for serious consideration. More than nine years having elapsed since Mr. and Mrs. Morris's marriage, this length of time would seem certainly long enough to allow the most ardent admiration to tone down to a degree too mild to wreak such vengeance. So this theory seems entirely untenable. Therefore we must seek some other and different motive.

There is a theory held by a large number, perhaps a majority of the people, that may furnish sufficient motive. We shall await the development of events before commenting thereon.

The deed was not the work of a novice, as every circumstance, so far as can be traced, shows. From first to last the skill and plodding, painstaking preparation of an adept is shown by every movement and act. The thorough mastery of the situation, by careful study of the locality and premises as well as routes for a precipitate flight. Habits of the family, the location and parts of the house occupied by each, a thorough knowledge of the neighborhood, of the hired man's habits and of the comparative speed of the horses—all show premeditation. That the perpetrator was a skilled assassin is shown by the manner in which he accomplished his job. He made thorough work, and left nothing to chance or uncertainty. That desperate deeds are familiar to him is evinced in the cool and devilish skill, the unerring shot, every one taking effect on

the fast retreating woman. Was the crime committed by a thug—a hired assassin?

For the purpose of giving a more clear idea than simple words will convey to persons not familiar with the premises, we have prepared the following diagram:



The open space at the east end is the open stoop, where Mr. Morris was shot.

- 1 is the place where he fell.
- 2 is where the ball lodged.
- 3 is the door opening onto the stoop from the dining room.
- 4 is the door opening into the family or sitting room.
- 5 is the door leading into Morris's bed-room.
- 6 is where the third ball lodged after passing through Mrs. Morris's body.
- 7 is the folding doors opening into the parlor.
- 8 is the location of the bureau hit by the fourth shot.
- 9 is the door leading into the closet from bed-room.
- 10 is the place where Mrs. Morris fell and where the fifth and sixth shots were delivered, which passed through her body, lodging into the floor beneath.
- 11 is a door leading out of the closet into an unoccupied bed-room in rear of parlor.

A clear idea of the internal arrangement of the ground floor of the house, and the scenes of violence may be gained by an examination of the diagram as indicated and described by the explanatory numbers.

The well and windmill are situated about fifteen feet east of the porch where Morris fell. A platform extends to the well from the open porch.

The barn from which the horse was taken is located eight to ten rods east of the well, and in the lane that leads out to the highway some seventy or eighty rods distant, to the south.

LIFTING PLANTS.—The failure in lifting plants that have been bedded during the summer can be avoided by observing a few rules.

1. Repot early, before cold weather has weakened vitality; especially before heavy frosts have poisoned the sap. Fuchsias, coleus, and specially tender plants should be transferred to pots as early as the middle of September. The work should also be done when the weather is moist and the soil not over-dry.
2. With the back of the trowel toward the plant, mark a circle about the plant a little smaller than the pot to which it is to be transferred, and then throw dirt from the plant until a ball is left adhering to the roots. With a sharp knife clip roots as you meet them with the trowel. On no account pry toward the plant, for it will loosen the soil from the roots and end in disappointment. The ball being ready, place a handful of broken pottery in the pot, and over that sufficient good earth to just admit the ball, and leave it half an inch below the rim. Holding it steady, pour good well-pulverized soil all about the ball and then crowd it tightly down.
3. Now water thoroughly and set in a cool place, where there is little light. Such plants as heliotropes, which have only coarse, brittle roots, should be kept in this retirement for ten days.
4. Cut back, either before digging or immediately after, a large part of every plant to be saved. Cut out weak shoots and stragglers and thin not less than half the remaining foliage. In fact, make the plant shapely and proportion its size to the diminished quantity of roots. It is not difficult to transfer even heliotropes and mignonettes to pots, provided the knife be very freely used, cutting away all but fine, erect stems. Nine-tenths of the plant had better be sacrificed. The cutting must be done before digging, or immediately after, without an hour's delay.
5. Do not dig any more plants than you have room for in your window or conservatory. Better rely upon cuttings for many things; which, taken in August or September and set thickly in boxes, in a shady place, will be rooted by frost and in the spring usable for making fine plants. A pan of coleus cuttings can be more easily saved through the winter than half a dozen pots.

Another fearful tragedy was enacted in this township last Sunday evening, which resulted in the death of John Moore, an old settler here, and a man, who in his palmy days and during his old age numbered a host of friends. During the past two years he has not seemed to be altogether right, and his imaginary troubles have been numerous. He has certainly not appeared like himself for months, and he has brooded over troubles that really should have been obviated, until the time named when he swallowed a package containing Paris green, and thus paved the way for a termination of his life. His sufferings were intense, as he had no medical assistance until Monday evening, when his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Culver, insisted against his opposition on summoning aid. Dr. Wiggins, who was called, did all in his power to alleviate the poor man's sufferings, but the deadly poison had done its work too well, and at about eleven o'clock the last spark of life went out, and the spirit of the poor old man was hastened, under such unhappy circumstances, to the portals of the great hereafter. Mrs. Moore died last spring, and now the family consists of three daughters, Mrs. J. E. Culver, Mrs. Geo. Lee and Maggie Moore. Mr. Moore would have been seventy years of age his next birthday. He was buried from the Congregational church Thursday, a large number of his old friends and the remaining members of his family being present. The facts as stated were fully shown at a coroner's inquest, held Wednesday by Dr. Haskin. He took the Paris green from the house of his daughter in Keeler, last Saturday, but it was not known to the family until about the time of his death.—Lawrence Advertiser.

A farmer went into Decatur, Ills., the other day with a train of six wagons laden with grain and drawn by a steam road locomotive of his own invention.

A medical exchange says that life can be sustained by the following when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white together thoroughly, boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in.

Mr. O. Hall lives in Chicago. His name is familiar to most persons, but he has never before been properly located, we think.—Buffalo Express.

For ALL WRITERS.—Find a subject and stick to it. Go at once to the point of the question. Never dally with a live subject, but take hold of it. Never write to newspapers on dead topics. Do not use a heavy and cumbersome style. Put all the sense you can in what you write, but let it be alive.—Quincy Modern Age.

Most sensible people can now look back over the recent hard times and see that they were brought about by the war of the great rebellion and a depreciated currency. While political "blatherskites" and broken-down speculators roamed the country in every direction bemoaning the "hard times," calling for the issue of billions of irredeemable money to "meet the demands of trade," and arraying in deadly enmity the employe and employer, the relative positions of labor and capital were regulating themselves for the best interests of both classes, and now the balmy dews of prosperity are descending on the land, resumption has become a fixed fact, and the howlers have but little ground to stand upon. Labor in all the trades is in good demand, and the agricultural classes never saw more real prosperity than now. Every wide-awake, prudent man has taken off his coat, and is industriously trying to secure some of the golden fruit that honest labor yields.

But we must expect to hear croaking so long as the irredeemable party exists. Its only stock in trade consists in enlarging on calamities that may befall the people, for every political shyster with an itch for office knows very well that the tenderest spots in man's make-up are his pocket and stomach. No one ever heard of a man with money in his pocket and plenty to eat joining the ranks of the irredeemables unless he wanted office. But sometimes these office-seekers get their just deserts when they least expect that justice will overtake their hypocritical work. The Constantine Mercury relates a story of the misfortunes of a greenback "statesman" in St. Joseph county. We hope the "statesman" alluded to was not one of the members of the legislature from that county, because, barring their irredeemable nonsense, they were pretty good fellows.

The story of the Mercury is that the smallest average yield of wheat in St. Joseph county yet reported is that of a greenback "statesman," the yield being less than 10 bushels to the acre over one hundred acres. It was not the fault of the land, for that is of as good quality as the surrounding farms, where the yield was more than double. It was not by reason of the "lay of the land" exposing the crop to "winter-kills," because "winter-kills" was not what killed the crop. There was a political campaign last year and the great soul of the "statesman" was moved in behalf of his suffering countrymen. He must put in his time to arouse them to their imminent danger—to overthrow the money oligarchs, the Shylocks, the national banks, and put the down-trodden tramps on a business footing. He felt that he must do this. He was impelled by an overpowering impulse. He did it. He spent his time. He paid his own expenses. He kept himself in a ferment in the endeavor to overturn the laws of trade and commerce. He neglected the laws of nature and his farm. He did not properly prepare his fallows and his clover sod for wheat because when the weather was favorable the greenback meet-ups must be attended, and greenback documents circulated. He was gathering a political harvest when he should have prepared his grounds for seeding. In his wild financial frenzy he must neglect immutable laws, and despitefully use a generous soil. Nature resents all insults. A farm will wreak revenge for neglect. The farm of the greenback "statesman" is no exception to the rule. It has punished this greenback "statesman" for his folly by a loss of not less than \$1,200 to \$1,500. This greenback "statesman" has made a heavy contribution to prevent or retard the return of prosperity to the country. He has done more for that than he would to help on any laudable enterprise. If he had helped the poor, or aided tramps to a tenth of the amount he would only have ceased to talk of his benevolence with his latest breath.—Lansing Republican.

Another fearful tragedy was enacted in this township last Sunday evening, which resulted in the death of John Moore, an old settler here, and a man, who in his palmy days and during his old age numbered a host of friends. During the past two years he has not seemed to be altogether right, and his imaginary troubles have been numerous. He has certainly not appeared like himself for months, and he has brooded over troubles that really should have been obviated, until the time named when he swallowed a package containing Paris green, and thus paved the way for a termination of his life. His sufferings were intense, as he had no medical assistance until Monday evening, when his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Culver, insisted against his opposition on summoning aid. Dr. Wiggins, who was called, did all in his power to alleviate the poor man's sufferings, but the deadly poison had done its work too well, and at about eleven o'clock the last spark of life went out, and the spirit of the poor old man was hastened, under such unhappy circumstances, to the portals of the great hereafter. Mrs. Moore died last spring, and now the family consists of three daughters, Mrs. J. E. Culver, Mrs. Geo. Lee and Maggie Moore. Mr. Moore would have been seventy years of age his next birthday. He was buried from the Congregational church Thursday, a large number of his old friends and the remaining members of his family being present. The facts as stated were fully shown at a coroner's inquest, held Wednesday by Dr. Haskin. He took the Paris green from the house of his daughter in Keeler, last Saturday, but it was not known to the family until about the time of his death.—Lawrence Advertiser.

A farmer went into Decatur, Ills., the other day with a train of six wagons laden with grain and drawn by a steam road locomotive of his own invention.

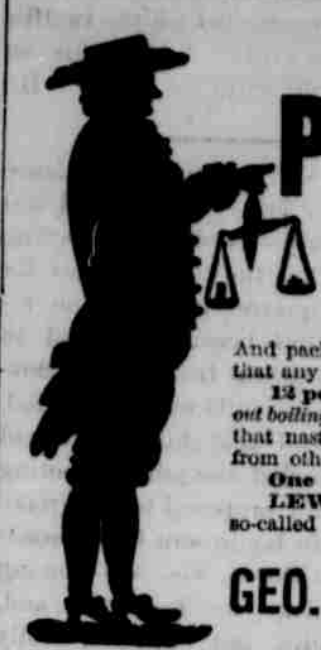
A medical exchange says that life can be sustained by the following when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white together thoroughly, boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in.

Mr. O. Hall lives in Chicago. His name is familiar to most persons, but he has never before been properly located, we think.—Buffalo Express.

For ALL WRITERS.—Find a subject and stick to it. Go at once to the point of the question. Never dally with a live subject, but take hold of it. Never write to newspapers on dead topics. Do not use a heavy and cumbersome style. Put all the sense you can in what you write, but let it be alive.—Quincy Modern Age.

For ALL WRITERS.—Find a subject and stick to it. Go at once to the point of the question. Never dally with a live subject, but take hold of it. Never write to newspapers on dead topics. Do not use a heavy and cumbersome style. Put all the sense you can in what you write, but let it be alive.—Quincy Modern Age.

### THE READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER:



## LEWIS' PERFUMED LYE

98 Per Cent Pure.  
STRONGEST AND PUREST LYE MADE.  
This LYE is a FINE POWDER

And packed in cans with an ordinary slip-lid like our Baking Powder, so that any portion of contents of can may be used without spoiling balance. 25 pounds of Perfumed Hard Soap made in twenty minutes without boiling, and your wash will be sweet and clean to the senses, without that nasty smell produced when using ready-made Soap or Soap made from other Lye.

One teaspoonful will soften five gallons of hard water. LEWIS' LYE is 98 per cent stronger than any other Lye or so-called Rock or Ball Potash.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY  
**GEO. T. LEWIS & MENZIES COMPANY,**  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## GO AND SEE THE MAMMOTH NEW STOCK

### OF Dry Goods

BOOTS & SHOES,  
HATS & CAPS,  
(BUFFALO ROBES very cheap.)  
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

And a SUPERB ASSORTMENT of

## NEW MILLINERY GOODS

All at OLD PRICES, at the **LIVELY STORE** of

**W. J. & R. SELICK.**

—20—

**N. B.—Our Store is so thronged with Customers which keeps us so busy we have not now time to particularize, will do so soon.**

**W. J. & R.**

### INSURANCE AT HOME.

The Mutual City and Village Fire Insurance Company for the Counties of Harrison, Cass and Van Buren, completed its organization November 22, 1878, by the election of the following officers, viz:

President—J. C. LAMORE, Niles.  
Secretary—J. EASTMAN JOHNSON, Niles.  
Treasurer—W. M. R. ROUGH, Buchanan.  
And Directors,

D. O. Woodruff, Niles.  
Joel Cowgill, Cassopolis.  
H. F. Colby, Dowagiac.  
S. T. Conway, Paw Paw.  
Geo. A. Blakelee, Galesburg.  
Geo. H. Richards, Buchanan.  
The first Policies were issued Dec. 14, 1878. On the 10th of March, the amount issued was \$135,000.

The business of the Company is done at Niles.

For blank applications for Insurance (containing our Charter and By-Laws), apply to the President, at the store of Lawrence & Dean, or to the Secretary, by order J. EASTMAN JOHNSON, Sec'y. Niles, March 10, 1879. [125113755]

### MILLINERY!

Hats and Bonnets

In new and desirable shapes of SPRING and SUMMER STYLES. Also, a large assortment of

Feathers and Flowers.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

**MRS. H. R. ODELL,**  
1254 1/2 Post Office Block

## HOW IT HURTS! TO SEE

**Duncombe, Stearns & Co.,**

Still selling at prices that defy competition, their large and well selected stock of

**DRUGS, MEDICINES, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, WALL-PAPER,**

Window-shades, Books, Stationery, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Diaries, Albums, **Paints and Oils**, Glass, Putty, Lime, Salt, all kinds of Plastering Material, Flour, Feed, and General produce.

**Our Goods are New and Fresh.**

We have no wind to waste as to Prices and Quality, but invite you to call, examine and compare before purchasing.

**WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.**  
We make the Preparation of Medicine a specialty, and are prepared at all times to Carefully and Correctly Compound Prescriptions.

**PURE LIQUORS**

Kept for Medicinal Uses only.—A full line at all times. First door east of Hardware Store.

**Duncombe, Stearns & Co.**